

Unrequited.

When the sun is high over the earth, love,
And the sweet woodland sounds greet mine
ear,
Then my heart is happy with mirth, love,
And I joy that to me thou art dear.
It is sweetest of music, thy voice, love,
And the sun shining down on thy face
Is a picture that makes me rejoice, love,
When the sun it is bright in its place.

When the shadows of night gather round,
Love,
And the sounds of the woodland are still,
When the evening quietude around,
Then I weep for the hopes unfulfilled,
And I sigh that my heart is so weak, love,
My heart that is heart for eyes,
And I grieve for the words that I not speak,
Love,
At the shadowy close of the day.

Oh! the sun is so strong in its light, love,
And the moon sheds its beams, ah! so soft,
That my heart it is swayed by their might,
Love,
As the maid who hath listened too oft,
So in sunshine I'll weep thy smile, love,
In sunshine I'll greet thee with cheer,
But the shadows are mine to beguile, love,
With the values and regrets and a tear.
—Fiona S. Montgomery.

WORSE DEVILS THAN THE DEVIL.

The Devil was one day sitting on a stone, on the side of a solitary country road, and he appeared to be in some great trouble. His head rested on his hand, his eyes were fixed on the ground before him, and his face was very sad; in short, he really seemed to be in sore distress.

Along the road comes Old Mag, the fortune-teller, and (as everybody called her and feared her as such) the country witch. "Halloo, master! You are very sad to-day. What's the matter?"

"I guess I have reason to be sad," answered the Devil. "Working so hard, and yet gaining nothing."

"How is that?" asked Mag.

"Do you know that old couple over yonder?" and the Devil pointed to a lonely farm-house out a piece from the road.

"The old man and woman over there? Certainly I know them."

"A nice, peaceable old couple, eh?" grinned the Devil sadly.

"Oh! that's what worries you," laughed the fortune-teller. "A very nice, peaceable old couple, that won't let you get between them. Is that it?"

"That's it, exactly! I have been working very hard for all the years they are living together (and it is now about forty) to sow discord between them, but all in vain. They live on quietly in spite of me. I don't like to give up the project after having gone to so much trouble about it; and yet I almost despair of ever gaining my point."

"What will you give me if I do for you what you cannot do?" asked Mag in her own taunting way.

"You bring discord between that good old couple?"

"Yes, I."

"How long will it take you to do it, do you think?"

"O, a day or two."

"You do it in so short a time what I could not do in all these forty years?"

"Yes," laughed the old sinner, "to show the Devil that there are persons on this world smarter than himself."

"If you can bring about what you say, I will make you a present of a pair of new shoes."

"Agreed!" said the old witch. "This is Thursday. Meet me here again next Saturday noon and I will get the shoes. Be sure to bring them along." With these words Old Mag hobbled away, studying how she could best fulfill the Devil's errand.

The next morning, Friday, she went to the farm-house "to try her luck," as she said. It was just as she wished. She found the old lady alone peeling potatoes for dinner, while her husband was out in the field digging stumps. Mag bade her good-day and then began: "I am Old Mag, the country fortune-teller. Maybe you would like to have your fortune told?"

"I have nothing to do with fortune-tellers. Clear this house immediately," and the woman motioned to show Mag her way off.

"Just as I expected," said Mag. "Because I am a fortune-teller I dare not be listened to, but must be driven from the house. Couldn't I foresee that you would treat me thus? If you will not hear me, then bear the consequences," thus saying she turned to leave the house.

"Well, what have you got to say?" asked the woman, calling her back.

"Nothing, if you don't like it!" replied Mag, in a sharp tone. "However," she continued, softening her voice, "I didn't come to get angry, though I knew well enough that I would be thus treated. I came to tell you the truth, whether you like it or not!"

"Well, what is it?"

"There are great trials and troubles awaiting you. All I can say, they will come soon; your husband brings them, and there is only one way of turning them off."

"What way?" asked the woman rather anxiously.

"It is a somewhat odd way, and you may not believe in it," continued Mag. "When your husband is sound asleep, you must take his razor and cut a hair away from his throat," and the witch pointed to her own throat to show the woman the place.

"If it won't do any good, it will at least do no harm to try it," thought the old lady.

"Just as you think," answered Mag. "But the sooner you do it, the better."

She turned again to leave the house, when the woman called after her, asking whether there were no charges.

"No, ma'am, I take nothing for this. May God preserve you from harm!"

As the old witch passed through the gate she said to herself with a chuckle: "So far my bargain is all right. Now for the old man."

She took a round-about way, so as not to be suspected. "Sir, I came this way of a purpose," thus Mag accosted him, "to warn you of a danger that is threatening you."

"Who are you?" asked the man abruptly.

"I am Old Mag, the country fortune-teller."

"I have no business with you. Go your way and let me be in peace," and the man turned away from her to take up his work.

"I did not come here to tell you your fortune," persisted Mag, "but to warn you against certain danger."

"Get out of this! I'll not hear another word."

"Well, then, be murdered, for aught I care," said Mag, turning abruptly to walk away.

"Murdered? Who talks about murder?"

"I do, and so do other folks, too."

"Am I to be murdered, you say?"

"Yes, you."

"Who wants to murder me?"

"Nobody else but your own wife."

"You're a liar, and be confounded!" exclaimed the man, almost in a fury.

"Hem! well that needs to be proved. I heard people say so and I thought it right to come and warn you. You would do well to have an eye on your wife and to try her, anyhow."

"How will she murder me, and why?"

"She will try to cut your throat with your razor, while you are asleep, so people say, and that as soon as she gets a chance. Why she wants to do it, I don't know."

"I will try her," said the man sullenly.

"If it is false, then I will settle with you."

"I only tell you what I heard people say. Try her yourself and you will see. Good-day, sir." With this Mag left, saying to herself: "The old gentleman is all right, too. I will soon have my shoes."

At noon, when the man went home for his dinner, he watched his wife closely. Noticing that she viewed him, now and then, in a stolen, distrustful way, he grew suspicious, and began to look and act sour and sharp. "Aha!" thought his wife, "I see the trouble coming already."

After dinner he lay down as usual to take his nap; but this time to try his wife. Having shut his eyes he soon began to snore, and thus pretended to be most soundly asleep. His wife kept on doing her work after dinner as usual until she heard him snoring. Then she went into the room in which he was lying on the lounge, and to find out whether he was sleeping soundly enough for her purpose, she managed to make a noise by upsetting a chair. He did not stir, but snored away as strongly as before.

On tip-toe she went to the bureau, opened it cautiously, and took out her husband's razor. Having removed it from its case, she again stepped on tip-toe up to where her husband was lying. She stooped down towards him, holding the razor in her hand to cut the hair away from his throat; when, to her greatest dismay, he jumped up, seized her hand, from which the razor dropped to the floor, and in his rage hurled her into a corner of the room. The story now goes on to tell us that from this time forward the old couple never had a day of peace, so that at last they had to separate.

The next day about noon Old Mag came along the same road. She found the Devil sitting on the same stone, waiting for her. When he saw her approaching he got up, climbed over the fence, and putting the shoes to the end of a long pole, made ready to hand them to her.

"Why, old fellow, what do you mean?" laughed the Devil. "Are you afraid of me?"

"Indeed, I am and ought to be," answered the Devil; "you did in one day what I could not do in forty years. That beats me! I have reason to fear you. Here, take your shoes; you have earned them well for your skillful and successful work."

Dear readers, I will not go ball for the truth of this story, just such as it is; but a truth it is. There are such devils in human form, that through their malice succeed in leading others into sin, thus bringing misery and death to the soul and doing what Satan himself, maybe, could not do. To such devils as these Jesus says: "Woe to him through whom scandals come. It were better for him that a millstone were put about his neck and be cast into the sea."—Luke 17, 2.—The Guardian Angel.

Those who believe that nature will work off a cough or cold should understand that this is done at the expense of the constitution. Each time this weakens the system, and we all know that the termination of this dangerous practice is a consumptive's grave. Don't take the chances, when a fifty-cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure will safely and promptly cure any recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble. Buy the dollar bottle of for chronic cases or family use. Sold by J. C. Saur.

THE LATE JOHN B. GOUGH.

In a sketch of John B. Gough, who died as he had lived upon the platform, and who was to the last one of the most popular of public speakers, and, after Father Mathew, the most famous apostle of temperance, it was stated that although a very generous man, he declined to lecture for the benefit of enterprises and societies of all kinds, which constantly applied to him. It is to be hoped that nobody regrets his refusal or thinks him to have been less generous because of the refusal. There is no more common or more unpardonable form of mendicancy than that which asks this kind of aid. Mr. Gough received a very large income from his public lectures, and of this money he was not avaricious. On the contrary, he gave liberally, and often, doubtless, to the very objects for the benefit of which he was vainly asked to lecture. A man practices his profession or pursues his business for his livelihood and the support of his family, and he determines for himself the amount and the direction of his gifts and charities.

That is what the charitable society forgets which asks a singer to sing, or an actor to act, or a painter to paint a picture, or a lecturer to give a lecture, for its benefit, upon the score of charity. One of the hard-working guild of lecturers some years ago replied to a solicitation of this kind by asking the chairman of the committee what business he pursued. "I am a dealer in jewelry."

"Well, Mr. Chairman," said the lecturer, "I am very much interested in a little society like yours in my own town; now let us be fair: I will give you the profits of my business for one evening for your society. If you will give me those of your business for one day for the benefit of my society."

The good chairman stared and smiled. The lecturer continued: "Have you applied to our friend Mr. Sheepskin, the attorney?"

"No; what for?" asked the chairman.

"Why, to aid your society by contributing a day's fees?" The chairman smiled, and looked puzzled.

"What I mean," said the lecturer, "is simply that there is no more reason why you should ask me to give you the entire profit of my business for a certain time than to ask anybody else to do the same thing. The fact that I am a lecturer is not a reason that you should make the application to me rather than to a lawyer, or a merchant, or an artist. Do you ask Mr. Booth to bestow his receipts for next Saturday upon your society be-

cause your society is poor and wants money to buy carpets and cushions? Do you ask the proprietor of the *Herald* or *Times* to drop into your treasury all the money that they may receive for advertisements and sales on the first day of June? Do you ask Mr. Choate to hand you over his professional income, as nearly as he can compute it, for Monday, the 22nd? To ask me for money is one thing; but to ask for a blank check with my signature is quite another." The lecturer smiled as he benignantly as the chairman, but did not look in the least degree puzzled. "Oh!" said the chairman. "Precisely," returned the lecturer.

There is sometimes a queer lapse of good faith in one of the parties to the business to which Mr. Gough devoted his life. A member of a Yecum committee, in his private capacity of merchant, negotiates with another merchant for a piece of cloth, or a case of shoes, or a cargo of flour. But he finds that he has miscalculated the market, or there is some mishap, and he loses by the bargain. Does he thereupon repair to the other merchant, and say to him that he hasn't made as much as he expected by the venture; that, in fact, he has lost money, and in view of that sad mischance the merchant will perhaps agree to take half of the price agreed upon? No; the worthy member of the lecture committee has never been guilty of such an act as that. If he cannot take the chances of trade, he is not fit to be a trader.

O wise young judge! And what was it you were saying just now, not to the flour merchant, or the shoe dealer, but to the lecture merchant? Were you or were you not saying to him that you were very sorry that the audience had been so small and the expenses so large, and the treasury was so low that perhaps—perhaps—in view of everything—so hard to sustain a course of really good lectures—that—that, in fine the merchant would perhaps take off half the price stipulated, because you, O wise young judge! have not made as much money out of him as you hoped to make?

To decline to do this, Mr. Gough, like other eminent masters of the platform, did not hold to be a mercenary view of his calling. If it was not mercenary for the baker to ask sixpence for his loaf or the milkman a fair price for his milk, neither was it mercenary for the lecturer to ask an equally fair price for his commodity and his labor and his time. It is, indeed, open to any man to give bread and milk to his neighbors without price. But he cannot support his family by that course. All the merchants in town, if they choose, may give away all their goods. But they cannot be reproached with venality if they prefer to sell instead of to give. Mr. Gough, so far as he turned his powers and gifts to making money, was a merchant, and was amenable only to the laws and usages of honorable business, and those who asked him to renounce half his fee, or who requested the gift of all the profits of a future transaction, were unquestionably well-meaning, but they were unmindful of the laws and usages of honorable business.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, one of the most accomplished and popular pioneers of the modern lecture platform, said that he "once declined to suffer in the way that we have described, and the counter-verted ten dollars was at last paid. He departed homeward congratulating himself upon the triumphant vindication of a sound principle. But, said he, with a sly smile of appreciation, that money was an apple of the Dead Sea—it turned to ashes. It was a counterfeit bill. Doubtless it was intended by the austere committee as a stern rebuke of the mercenary disposition of the lecturer."—George William Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

The Singer.

The editor of the Little Rock Gazette is unjust to the young man who sings, not in attempting to deprive him of the mighty prestige which he holds in society, but in attributing to him gay faults which he does not possess. The young man who strangles the neck of the twanging guitar is more to be feared than the sweet singer. Tom Moore, Byron, and even Homer sang, but their standing in society did not depend upon their musical but upon their intellectual voices. Some time ago, the daughter of an old negro married a young buck who had fallen into the habit of singing at church festivals.

"Look leah, Tildy," said the old negro when the ceremony had been performed, "Whut yer want ter marry dat fool nigger fer?"

"Whut fool nigger, pap?"

"W'y de one yer hab jes maird."

"Yas."

"He ain't no fool nigger. He's got er voice sweeter den er flute."

"Yas," the old man rejoined, "an' I bet yer he got er appetite bigger den er ha'fer bushel an' wus den dat, he gwine 'pend on me ter gin it satisfackshun, but lemme tell yer, young feller, turning to the bridegroom, 'I see er ole mule dat is powerful fon' o' singin'."

W'y, sah, he'll walk erlong an' listen ter yer all day. Beats anything dater way yer eber seed. Wants yer ter bergin singin' ter him in de mawmin' by sun-up. Lemme ketch yer singin' at er nuder festival an' yer'll heah suthin' pop. Dat'll be yer nark. Ef er pusson's got suthin' else ter mix wid it, well er nuff, but ef he hain't den take care. But I t'ends fer yer ter mix er little suthin' wid dat monstrous fine voice o' yours—mix cotton, dirt an' er mule wid it. Oh, I see got yer."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

What She Thought They Were.

"I see by the *Chronicle* Telegraph that automatic couplers are to be generally introduced," remarked Amy to the high school girl last night.

"Yes, I noticed that myself," replied Mildred.

"What are automatic couplers, Mildred?" was Amy's next question.

"I am not positive," was the reply, "but I infer that they are a sort of attachment to the new marriage license law, but I'll ask Augustus when he calls to-night."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair not only lost its color, but is full of dandruff? Yet such was the case with mine until I used Parker's Hair Balm. My hair is now black and perfectly clean and glossy.—Mrs. E. Sweeney, Chicago.

GEN. BOULANGER.

The French Minister of War—Will He Become Dictator?

It is the unexpected that happens in France, and just now all Europe is expecting something to happen there. Successful as the present government in our sister republic seems to be, there is an inherent desire among Frenchmen for a hero—a strong, dashingly fearless leader, one who will carry himself far above the law. It is the old story of the frogs desiring a king. They treated with contempt the log king that Jupiter sent them, on account of the familiarity such a king permitted; but they were compelled to respect and fear the stork, their later king, who devalued them as he willed.

Looking back at the list of leaders of the French people, from "Little Nap." to Gambetta, it would appear that the stork king was what they most admired, and judging from his past career, this is about what they are going to have in the person of Gen. Boulanger, the present minister of war in the de Freycinet cabinet.

Gen. Boulanger's career thus far has been like the upward flight of a rocket, and his future will bear watching. He is the youngest of the French generals, being yet not quite 50. He is the son of a Breton lawyer, while his mother was English. Thus he combines the fire and dash of one race with the coolness and sturdiness of the other. He possesses a magnificent military physique, and since his recent duel and the publication of an article in *The Paris Figaro*, in which Boulanger is mentioned as "a menace to the republic, owing to overreaching ambition that will not rest until he has either plunged France into a war of revenge with Germany or has had himself proclaimed dictator."

This article has set all Europe agog, and on investigation of Boulanger's career it is found he has been governed by the principle that might, under whatever form it manifests itself, overreaches right in spite of all the fine essays to prove the contrary, and with La Fontaine he believes "the logic of the strongest is always the best."

E. W. HOWE, THE NOVELIST.

Sketch of One of Our Most Promising Story Writers.

About three years ago an unpretending book was sent to the newspaper reviewer. It came in a quiet way, as quiet almost as its own literary style. At first the critics did not notice it much. Its name was "The Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe. But one day a friend brought it to the notice of the literary editor of *The New York World*. The style was so entirely simple, so limpid, and at the same time so unique that the book reviewer recognized at once that here was a literary discovery of worth. A long notice was given to the book. Next day every copy of it on sale in New York city was sold.

Mr. Howe was perceived by all who read the book to be a genuine American novelist, an outgrowth of our own soil, not an imitator of English and French story writers. The notice in *The World* gave "The Story of a Country Town" a boom which has not yet died out. The author received advantageous offers for other books from leading publishers. Since then he has written two—"The Mystery of the Locks" and "The Moonlight Boy." Both are characterized by the same quaint, quiet literary style as the first. There are touches of pathos in them that have never been excelled, there are strokes of humor worthy of Thackeray.

Nevertheless, the author has never yet done his best. He is a busy young newspaper man, editor and proprietor of *The Atchison (Kan.) Daily Globe*. His stories have been written outside of working hours, and much of them hurriedly and wearily done. After he makes a small fortune as newspaper proprietor we may all hope that he will give himself up to novel writing altogether. He tells us that not a line of his first book was written by sunlight.

ROWING AROUND THE WORLD.

Richard Chandler, Who Will Make the Attempt, and His Boat.

About two years ago John Traynor put to sea from Bath, Me., in a rowboat, with the avowed purpose of rowing around the world. Whether he became discouraged, landed at some point on the coast, shipped west, and is now a festive co. boy under a nom de plume, or whether he was wrecked, is not known, for nothing has been heard of him since. Richard Chandler, another youth of 46 years, has become fired with the ambition to emulate Traynor and succeed where the latter failed. A doctor of Bath, Me., fitted out the Traynor expedition and offers to prepare a similar outfit for Chandler.

Chandler informed the doctor about a week ago that he had made up his mind to row across the ocean.

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